

Lack and Labor.

Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate—
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light
And before an empty tray.

PAPA'S STRANGE GUEST.

It was a warm June evening, and my father and mother and I were seated in our drawing-room, with the long doors leading on to the lawn thrown open, to admit the air.

Then I returned to bed, leaving a thief down-stairs ransacking the place. After about a quarter of an hour I heard a stealthy step ascend the stairs.

Presently I heard my persecutor go over to the dressing-table. There was no article of jewelry there; so it was that what he wanted, he was disappointed.

My father and mother had dropped asleep, so much to my disgust, M. Menton took up his station on a chair by my side.

"All of this jewelry is not mine," I answered. "Most of it belongs to my mother."

Soon after, tea was announced; and my father adjourned to the latter's study, to talk on business, and my mother and I returned to the drawing-room.

"What is this business that so often keeps M. Menton and papa closeted together?" I inquired.

"Some money matters, my dear," returned my mother.

"Is papa in any difficulty?" I inquired, anxiously.

"No, no; but, between ourselves, Louisiana, I think Monsieur Menton has some heavy bills due, which I fancy he can not pay; but if he expects that your father can help him, he is grievously mistaken."

My mother took up a book and commenced to read, whilst I went over to the piano and played.

In about half an hour our visitor and my father entered the room, the latter again taking up his station on a chair by my side, as he possibly could.

It was ten o'clock when I rose from the piano and prepared to retire to my own room. I shut my bureau and locked it, kissed my father and mother, and bade Monsieur good night.

It was about half-past one, when I was awakened from a light sleep by hearing a stealthy footstep in the corridor outside my room.

Presently the handle of my door was turned. Oh, heavens! I felt paralyzed. A man entered my room with a small dark-lantern in his hand, and, after pausing for a moment, slowly approached the bed.

I heard the footsteps pass along the corridor, and descend the stairs leading to the drawing-room. Then it flashed upon me, though I had locked my bureau containing my jewelry, I had not taken away the key.

I have remarked that by nature I was timid; but at this juncture, I felt as brave as a lion, and, springing from my bed, I threw on my dressing-gown and went to the head of the stairs.

hung on the back of a chair, and began to search the pockets. I had in that moment time to regard him.

I could hardly forbear a cry; for, in this room, trying to rob my mother and myself of our jewels, was Monsieur Menton.

He returned to the bureau (where I was still fumbling to find the key), and forced one into my hand.

I then pretended that I had found what I wanted, and, turning round, left the room.

I have often wondered since then why I did not raise the house, but truth to tell, my movements on that night were quite mechanical; my faculties seemed to have given way under the unnatural tension to which they had been subjected.

I returned to my bedroom, and, looking at the key as I placed it on my dressing-table, saw that it was that of the front door of our house, which Monsieur Menton must have taken from my father's study after we had all retired for the night.

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letter, opened the window and shutters, and bade farewell to the house where I had spent so many happy hours.

"Ever yours lovingly, My dear friends, EGEGNE MENTON."

So ended the letter. Poor man! I inquired of my father if nothing could be done to trace him, and get him to return.

We often think of him with pity and regret, for, whatever were his faults, there must have been some good in a man who was capable of feeling such profound and sincere contrition for a guilty intention.

A Victim to the Opium Habit. The following particulars of the suicide of M. M. Wishard, late superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Knightstown, Ind., are gleaned from the New Orleans Times:

With erect bearing and deliberate movements, he entered the St. James Hotel and straightway sought one of the closets, from which he emerged wounded to the death.

The greatest distance that has been vanquished by the telephone is 143 miles from Boston to North Conway, N. H.

The most recent improvement made on the instrument was to give it better tone, and to make it more powerful.

My own true name is M. M. Wishard, late superintendent Orphans' Home, Knightstown, Ind. I am paying dear for my sin. Opium is the cause of it all.

Oh! that I had been wise in the day of this visitation. I have a faint hope of forgiveness. I then began to fight it.

"I haven't the slightest doubt," Mr. Watson said, "that in a few months things will be so that a man can make a lecture here in Boston and be heard by an audience in any part of the country."

"Do you expect that the telephone will entirely supersede the present system of telegraphing?" I asked.

"Yes, we expect it will, eventually. A company is now forming for the purpose of manufacturing and introducing the instrument. In time it can't fail to replace the old dot and line alphabet system entirely.

There is a large amount of counterfeit coin in circulation, the New York Sun says, judging from the complaints of people engaged in all branches of business.

Mr. Watson remarked that the introduction of the telephone would probably have the effect of increasing the telegraph business to such an extent that it would hasten the time when the wires would have to be laid underground instead of being strung on poles.

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PROFESSOR BELL'S TELEPHONE.

The Human Voice Carried a Hundred and Forty Miles.

Professor A. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, comes from the small old city of Salem. About five years ago he first began to think about the possibility of the transmission of sound by telegraph, and the idea took possession of him completely.

The first time the practical success of the telephone was demonstrated to the satisfaction of others was on Oct. 9, 1876. The telephone then spoke for itself, and the conversation of the operator in Cambridge could be distinctly heard at the Boston end of the line.

One of the experiments which occurred on Jan. 21, was eminently gratifying in its results. Not only every word spoken in Boston, but even the tones and inflections of the several voices were accurately transmitted and readily recognized by those at the Salem end of the line.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Housekeeper.

Waffles.—One quart of milk, one and a half quarts flour, four eggs, and salt. Beat milk and eggs together; stir the flour in until it makes a smooth batter.

Potato Puff.—Any left over mashed potatoes may be made into an excellent dish for next day's dinner.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls flour, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, a little salt; bake on round tins and split with a sharp knife.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of bread, or six large crackers pounded, one quart of milk, one large spoonful flour, one teaspoonful sugar, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful ground cloves, butter the size of an egg, same quantity of suet, chopped, one pound raisins, stoned.

How to Prevent Borers in Apple Trees. G. C. Reese desired to know of the farmers' club if tar will prevent borers in apple trees, and will the tar injure the trees.

Another member thought the only sure remedy for the borer is the knife. He advised cutting out the worms as soon as it is discovered that the grub is at work in the wood, and covering the den with plaster of Paris.

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Items of Interest.

We are told of grass in Colorado that is so short you must lather it before you can mow.

Fifty Illinois cities have increased one hundred and twenty per cent in valuation in ten years.

Mrs. Partington says that she has bought a horse so spirited that he always goes off in a decauter.

Caroline Lambert, of Omaha, lived to be a hundred years old, and was then burned to death in a kerosene accident.

Blue glass windows are recommended to cure all kinds of panes, and the lights are said to be particularly fine for the lovers.

The State tax in Maine is only a third of a cent on a dollar of assessed valuation, or about a sixth of one per cent, on real value.

A domestic scene—"I haven't another word to say, wife; I never dispute with fools." "No, husband; you are very sure to agree with them."

Two young women cowhided a man in the street in Lexington, Ind., and he, lapsing from politeness, nearly killed one of his assailants with a club.

An Aurora man sent his boy down town with a pair of boots, giving him instructions to have them half-soled. Shortly the boy returned with the one boot and a dime. The pair of boots were half sold.

A Baltimore inventor is ruined. He invented a kind of air cushion for women's bustles, put all his money into their manufacture, and now a change in fashion has left the stock valueless on his hands.

Another warning—A Cincinnati man recently received from a plumber an exorbitant bill of \$300. He sued the plumber and recovered \$2,000 on account of the bad way in which the work was done.

A young man in Ansonia who mistook a bottle of varnish for hair oil, concluded that darning was a frivolous entertainment, and kept away from a masquerade ball. But when inquisitive friends asked why he stayed away, he told an unvarnished tale.

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below, yelling up: "All right, I've got the valise; let go the rope."

In Worcester, England, a farm laborer was fined \$12 and costs by a petty sessions court for having refused to obey the lawful commands of his employer. He had been working fourteen hours, and the "lawful request" was that he should continue and load three wagons more.

A country editor received the following: "Dear Sir: I have looked carefully and patiently over your paper for months for the death of some individual I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care any thing about has dropped off; you will please to have my name erased."

He had been in the habit of making very frequent calls on a very agreeable lady of his acquaintance, and, on entering her parlor one evening he said: "Well, Miss Sims, here I am again, you see, as regular as the fever and ague." "Oh, no," said she, very demurely, "that comes only every other day."

A gentleman in San Francisco, whose Chinese cook left him, was unable to retain any of the numerous "Johns" for over a day, until he induced one of them to explain that some apparently meaningless strips of red paper on the kitchen wall contained the Chinese inscription: "Boss woman long time tongue. Muchee jaw, jaw."

Gen. Pleasonton's blue glass theory is assailed by the Scientific American. His idea that electricity is generated by the passage of light through the glass is declared to be absurd. Nor have colored rays any beneficial effect on life, the reverse rather being the truth, as a pure, white light is best. The only good that can possibly come of blue glass is in its use as a shade for decreasing the intensity of solar light.

Spitz Venom. Two cases of hydrophobia are reported from Staten Island, and in both the victims were bitten by Spitz dogs. In one case it is reported that the dog was not rabid, and he appears to have been only irritable in the other. Before the great increase now noted in the frequency of these accidents it was thought that society paid sufficiently for the advantage it derived from dogs by the deaths they caused in communicating rabies; yet that was when there were no dogs about but the old scoundrel breeds, that did not go mad often, and so far as close observation could discover did not cause hydrophobia save when they had it themselves. It was bad, therefore, in regard to this species, even that slight assurance of safety which, in regard to other dogs, is derived from the warning of evident sickness in the animal himself.—New York Herald.

A Short Memory. Some people have very short memories. An individual recently called at a prominent jeweler's in Boston, says the Bulletin, and had an expensive bronze sent home and charged. The proprietor afterward ascertaining that his customer was a bankrupt, sent him a polite note to call, and when he did so, questioned the propriety of the purchase under the circumstances. Whereupon the insolvent scratched his head reflectively for a moment, and then remarked: "Now I think of it, I am in bankruptcy, but it happened last December, and it's so long ago that I must have escaped my memory, when I made a purchase here the other day."

A bill was introduced in the Nevada Legislature by a Chinaman. It was a bill against one of the members, and was lobbied through by its author.